

My Future? It's Black. by NeroAnne

Series: [Stonathan Week 2017 \[5\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Day 5, LISTENING TO THE SONG MAKES IT SO MUCH BETTER, M/M, Stonathan Week, long as fuck, omg this ruined me writing it

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers, others - Character

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Summary:

It had been a choice he'd made that he regretted for the rest of his life.

My Future? It's Black.

Author's Note:

I'm just here to hurt you all. Song is "Black" by Pearl Jam, PLEASE listen to it along the end of the fic.

Day 5: Whump and Angst!

A day for creating sad Stonathan content. You don't have to kill anyone but you gotta have some sad stuff happening. Happy endings are optional, but make sure to tag Major Character Death if you include it!

-1991-

Hey, oh

Sheets of empty canvas
Untouched sheets of clay
Were laid spread out before me
As her body once did
All five horizons
Revolved around her soul
As the earth to the sun
Now the air I tasted and breathed
Has taken a turn

"God, I love this song," the pretty blonde in his passenger seat sighed, reaching over to turn up the volume on his radio. She hummed along with the beginning and Steve felt his fingers curl tightly over his steering wheel, his eyes falling closed as the familiar lyrics began.

Fuck, he hated this song. This was that damn song that about made him break down each time he heard it. The lyrics, shit. They could have been fucking tattooed on his skin he remembered and resonated with so well.

He remembered the first time he'd heard it. He was on his way to the company building and he'd had to pull over, his heart thundering in his chest and his breathing labored as memories of soft hands, gentle gasps and breathy confessions of love floated in his head.

"Let's go," Steve murmured, cutting his engine. He opened his door, walking with hurried steps over to his passenger side. He opened the door for her, watching the way the hem of her red dress slid up her pale thighs.

He kissed his way down those pale thighs, pausing to bite down gently on the smooth skin and he felt the fingers in his hair clench. He smirked, raising his eyes and taking in the sight of that full bottom lip being held prisoner by white teeth. "Shit, you're so fucking gorgeous."

There was that color. The soft pink that bloomed across his nose and spread over those razor cheekbones. That bottom lip slid away from the sharp teeth, fuller now and swollen from the bite.

"Shut up," he murmured, his fingers slowly reaching down to stroke Steve's jaw, "You're so embarrassing."

Steve tore his gaze away from her legs, looking instead over at his house. The damn mansion with more rooms than he was comfortable with, the heated pool, the private office lined with his records and expensive liquor bottles given to him over the years.

It was the nicest house in all of Hawkins. An entire hour away from his company building in Indianapolis, and a completely obnoxious piece of shit. His parents loved it, praised him for hiring the workers that drew up the plans, the builders that had made such a marvel.

His legacy. The bullshit empire he'd been born into and chosen to take up. Chosen *this* life instead of...

"Are you okay?"

He glanced at her and muttered a reply, moving a hand down her red dress until his large palm warmed her lower back. He guided her through the gate, entering his passcode with quick touches, and then opened the door. The rich wood made no noise as it eased open and he stifled a snort as she gasped in delight at the expensive furniture and art lining his living room.

Oh and all I taught her was everything

Oh I know she gave me all that she wore

And now my bitter hands
Chafe beneath the clouds
Of what was everything
Oh the pictures have
All been washed in black
Tattooed everything

He didn't let her stare for long as soon as he lowered his tailored pants. He pulled off his underwear and then grabbed her, reaching up her dress and pulling down her lacy underwear. He didn't even bother to remove the red dress, simply pushing the material up around her waist and picking her up, allowing her legs to wrap around his waist and pushing her onto the bed.

This wasn't his bedroom. He wasn't about to fuck her in his room, with the only furniture besides his bed being his nightstand where he kept his alarm clock, his expensive watch, and the picture. The picture he woke up to every morning of a dimpled smile and sleepy eyes.

He reached over, grabbing the strip of condoms he kept beside the small nightstand on the bed. He rolled one on quickly, dropping the rest of the over the side of the bed for later.

He fucked her fast, keeping his gaze on her brown eyes, wide and full of drunken lust. He grit his teeth as she sunk her nails into his hair and he leaned up a bit, grabbing her wrists and planting them above her head as he sunk his face into her neck, forcing himself to keep going.

"You're so good at this," she panted, her high moans echoing off the walls. The expensive sheets on his bed were already drenched in her overly sweet perfume and he just knew that he would end up chucking them out as soon as he was done with her.

Steve flinched at her words.

"Relax, beautiful," Steve murmured, his lube coated fingers working inside of that tight ring, "I won't hurt you. I would never hurt you," he spread his two fingers, scissoring them slowly inside of that wonderfully tight heat. He saw the way that gorgeous body lost some tension, the way the

defined and slight muscles loosened as he got used to the penetration.

Steve watched his face, slowly lowering his head to kiss a furrowed brow. He curled his fingers, pressing against that spot he knew so well from boys he'd had before. A soft noise escaped that pale throat and Steve pulled back to stare, a grin crossing his lips as wide brown eyes stared up at him, that lithe body beginning to shake in pleasure.

"You're good at this," he had whispered in awe and Steve couldn't help but smile smugly, "h-how are you so good at this?"

"It doesn't matter," Steve murmured, truly meaning it, "they're in the past," he removed his fingers slowly, lowering his eyes to watch that tight little hole, left slightly open and wanting wink at him. He grabbed his thick and painfully hard cock, stroking himself slowly as his other hand squeezed the bottle, coating himself liberally.

Steve slid his gaze back up to those brown eyes and he guided his cock against that sweet little hole, pressing the head against it slowly, "They're in the past," he murmured again as he pushed, breathe leaving him all at once as those brown eyes closed, head falling back in obvious bliss, "and you're my future." He grabbed those slender hips and tugged, sheathing himself fully and echoing the loud mewl with his own grunt of desire.

He snarled, curling his fingers around the material of her dress and tugging her back onto his thrusting cock. He listened to her loud squeals of pleasure, his mind drifting and his thoughts on someone else entirely.

This wasn't fair to her, he knew. It wasn't fair to the other women he'd brought home over the week either. None of them were ever pleased once he asked them to leave, paying a cab to take them home without so much as giving them his phone number after.

He truly didn't care.

He'd made her cum twice already, he could feel her juices smoothing the way for his latex covered cock and he'd heard the way she'd screamed, watched the way she'd shaken. It had been foggy, as if he'd been underneath a veil the whole time, but he killed his loneliness. At least for a little while.

He pulled out, laying on his side, slightly winded but not enough to stop him from grabbing the cigarettes he kept beside the bed. He lit one, bringing the cancer up to his lips and turning over, staring at his ceiling.

“You going to share that?” she asked, voice breathy and a grin on her face.

Steve handed it over, keeping his gaze above him.

Steve blinked as long fingers plucked the cigarette from his lips. He stared, seeing that same hand stub the cancer stick out in the ashtray on the nightstand. He smirked, blowing out the smoke away from that frowning face. “What was that for?”

Pale shoulders littered with hickeys that Steve had caused shrugged. “I like the taste of you,” he said, crawling to straddle Steve’s lap. He slid those cigarette stealing fingers into his hair and Steve tilted his head up, opening his mouth for that sensual kiss. He felt that tiny tongue, shy but so wicked, stroke against his own and he groaned into the kiss.

He stared up at him once he moved back and he felt his body warm at the smile that graced those lush lips.

“You don’t need to obstruct your taste with a smoke.”

He fucked her twice more, not finding release in any, before phoning her a cab. The look on her face as he handed her back her underwear stung even less than the smack she gave him as she left the room, stepping over the wrappers of condoms.

“You know, what everyone says is so true,” she muttered as she walked outside his door, her heels dangling from her fingers, “You really are an asshole that just uses women to get off.” She smiled nastily, “except you can’t get off worth a shit.”

Steve didn’t reply. He handed the driver some money, ignoring the man’s knowing look, and tapped on the hood of the car. He watched as it drove away and in the backseat, he saw the way the blonde had shot him the middle finger.

Oh well.

He showered slowly, scrubbing away her flowery stench and vigorously washing his hair where he could still feel her nails scratching against his skull. He walked naked to his bedroom, telling himself that he would strip the sheets on the other bed sometime later, and fell onto his bed.

Trails of water slid down his lean muscles and he turned his head, staring over at the picture on his nightstand. He reached out, trailing a finger over that smile. His dick throbbed and he muttered a curse, turning on his back.

Licking his palm, he wrapped his hand around his thick erection, grunting at the almost painful touch. He kept his gaze on that picture, not looking away as he jerked himself with fast, hard pulls.

"Fuck," Steve gasped, arching his hips. Those soft hands, always so warm, were slowly-so fucking slowly-jerking his cock. He groaned low in his throat, forcing his eyes open to stare down at him.

He was beautiful on his knees. He was beautiful always, but right now, right at this moment...he was breath-taking. Both of his palms were wet, half the wetness made by his tongue and the other half by that apple-scented lube. He was stroking the base of Steve's cock with such slow movements and Steve bucked wildly as that mouth opened, tiny tongue sliding out to collect that precum that had gathered against the slit of his cock-head.

Steve remembered the first time the younger one had gone down on him. He'd stared up at Steve with uncertain eyes, a whispered "Can I?" falling from his mouth. But now? Steve whined in the back of his throat as those lips closed around the tip of his dick, sucking him in in such a seductively slow pace.

He came all over his clenching abdomen, groaning hard as he splashed all the way up to his chest. Fuck, there was a lot this time. He would have to take another shower. Steve ripped his eyes away from the picture and sat up.

He leaned his elbows on his knees and dragged his hands down his face.

The tears built up in his eyes and sighed brokenly, his shoulders shaking as he didn't even bother to try and stop himself from sobbing.

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I take a walk outside

I'm surrounded by
Some kids at play
I can feel their laughter
So why do I sear

"You're late," the teenager grumbled and Steve's lips curved in a weak smile, watching the curly-haired youth climb into the passenger seat.

"I'm sorry," he started the car up again, his destination fresh in his mind, "My secretary accidently marked a number wrong and I had to correct it before sending it out."

He'd tugged off his tie and unbuttoned the first three buttons of his white collared shirt. It was still too damn hot though, so he'd turned up the A/C in his car as high as it could go. Dustin was wearing a green sweater and Steve truly didn't understand how he could handle the thick sleeves in such weather.

"We'll see if Mike doesn't kill me," Dustin muttered, arms crossing, "I knew I shouldn't have let my mom use the car. She drained all the gas." He sighed, rubbing the back of his neck and Steve glanced at him.

"You guys planning something special?" he asked casually, making the turn at Cornwallis. It had been a while since he checked in on Mike and the rest of the dwindled brat pack. About two months or so, actually. He'd made sure to see Dustin at least every two weeks, though, just because he needed some sort of positivity in his diluted life.

"Mike sure made it sound important." Dustin replied and Steve nodded.

He pulled into the familiar Wheeler house and parked in front of it. He smiled at Dustin, watching him climb out. "Hey, call me if you need a ride home."

"Don't you want to come in?" Dustin peered over the window, "Come say hi? Mike says that Nancy finished her shift at the hospital earlier and came by to visit. I think Lucas and Max are there too."

Steve hesitated only briefly. He'd been dodging them for too long now. He opened his door, sliding out and shutting it quietly behind him. He walked with Dustin up the front door and he shoved his hands into the pockets of his pants as they waited for it to open.

The sound of footsteps approached and Steve felt a small smile curl his lips as he his eyes took in the sight of Mike Wheeler. The younger boy smiled back, eyes lit up with excitement as he quickly stood aside to let them in.

"Steve, hi!"

"Hey, kid," Steve replied, letting Dustin walk in first. He stepped into the house, the feeling of nostalgia hitting him as entered the living room and saw Nancy sitting in a chair and Holly sitting between her knees, the older woman braiding the little girl's hair. She was still in her baby blue scrubs, Steve noticed.

"Well, well," Nancy grinned, glancing at him, "Looks like our local celebrity finally remembered to come see his friends." She patted Holly on the shoulder, finished with the braid, and the ten year old girl took off towards the stairs.

Steve smiled warmly at her, "Hello, Nancy," he leaned over, kissing her cheek, "How is work going?"

"Same as always," Nancy sighed, easing into the chair, "The hours are long but I love the people. Most patients are pretty nice also." She watched as he sat down on the chair across from her and she smiled thoughtfully, "How is the corporation?"

"Flourishing," Steve said shortly, his eyes closing briefly. "My secretary is a bit of an idiot but my father likes her so I can't replace

her.” He didn’t bother to mention that he was sure she was only kept because his parents were hoping that he would develop feelings for her.

He looked up at the sound of someone coming into the room and he grinned at the sight of Max and Lucas, greeting them as they exclaimed at the sight of him. Max was growing up to be beautiful, her red hair shorter than he remembered seeing it, hitting her shoulders just barely.

Lucas was damn near at Steve’s height, with his body already developing lean muscles thanks to his involvement in numerous sports. Mike and Dustin walked into the living room and staring at the four of them, Steve honestly didn’t know where the time had gone.

“I can’t wait anymore,” Dustin whined, arms crossing as he turned to look at Mike, “What is the big secret? Why did you want to meet us here?”

Mike beamed, his cheeks reddening, “I talked to El last night,” he began and then rolled his eyes as Dustin snorted, “Shut up and listen, would you? She says Hopper and Joyce agreed to my mom’s invitation!”

“Wait,” Max said, eyes wide, “You don’t mean-”

“Eleven and Will are going to be here for Thanksgiving!” Mike blurted out and he laughed as his friends all cheered.

Steve caught Nancy’s eye and they shared a small smile.

Hopper and Joyce had married three years ago. There was no ceremony, neither of them interested, and simply signed on the dotted line. It was a long time coming, as Hopper and Eleven had moved into the Byer’s house in early 1986.

A year ago, Hopper had moved Joyce, Eleven and Will into the city. It had been devastating for the pack to split, but they still spent every summer together and even the occasional holiday.

“That’s not all!” Mike held up his hands to hush his friends, “Will told

me that *Jonathan* is going to be here too!"

Jonathan.

The name sent a warm shudder through his body and Steve sat up, staring at Mike in shock. "W-what?" he saw Nancy stand out of the corner of his eye but he didn't pay her much attention. He stood up and moved towards Mike, grabbing onto his shoulders, "Jonathan is coming?"

Mike nodded, still grinning widely.

"God, he hasn't come home since he left for New York, right?" Lucas piped up, "looks like Hawkins will have *two* celebrities for Thanksgiving this year."

Steve could barely breathe. He sat down heavily on the chair again, staring down at the carpet on the floor. Jonathan was actually going to come back? Usually, he would just have the family go see him in New York, he avoided Hawkins altogether.

"Steve?"

He looked up at the soft call of his name, staring into Nancy's worried blue eyes. "Yeah?" he whispered softly.

"Are you going to be okay?"

He blinked hard and then nodded slowly.

Jonathan was coming back. He would be back in Hawkins for the first time in five years...

The very thought elated and terrified him.

--

Oh, and twisted thoughts that spin

Round my head

I'm spinning

Oh, I'm spinning

How quick the sun can, drop away

And now my bitter hands
Cradle broken glass
Of what was everything
All the pictures had
All been washed in black
Tattooed everything
All the love gone bad
Turned my world to black
Tattooed all I see
All that I am
All I'll be

That damn song was haunting him. It had played on his drive to the building early in the morning and it was playing again now.

Steve killed the engine in his car, the song cut off at the verse. He stared over at the small blonde, watching as she flipped down the visor to reapply some sort of lip gloss. What was the point? She was about to suck him off anyway. He got out of the car, muttering something about the backseat, and he climbed in the back, waiting for her to finish.

She leaned over as soon as she was done, sliding in to the backseat without exiting the car. She quickly undid the button and zipper of his pants and fastened her mouth around him. He tilted his head back, sighing as his eyes closed. She was sucking too damn hard, and the lip-gloss was getting him sticky, but it was distracting him enough.

He grunted as she eased her mouth off of him after a few minutes. He stared, watching as she tied her long blonde hair into a high pony-tail. She lifted up her skin, sliding aside her pink panties and then moved over him.

“What are you doing?” he asked, alarmed as she straddled his waist with a little laugh.

“I’m going to ride you,” she said, the *duh* in her voice causing him to clench his jaw. The city girls were way too used to getting their way. He hadn’t even slipped a damn condom on yet.

Steve grabbed her, halting her movements, “Don’t,” he muttered and he shifted their position so that she was settled over the seat and he grabbed her hips. He ripped the foil with his teeth, tugging the latex on hurriedly and then pulling her back onto his cock

If she was bothered by his odd rejection, it quickly went away as he pounded into her. He felt her hands grip his forearms, bunching his cuffs up higher, and he closed his eyes tightly. He was so tired of this. So tired of the empty fucking...but he needed something. He couldn’t handle being alone.

“Choose me, Steve.”

The words hit him out of nowhere and his eyes shot open, stunned. He stopped his thrusts and pulled out of her, not caring about the way she moaned in displeasure, tucking himself back into his pants.

“Are you okay?” she asked, voice breathy and confused.

“No,” Steve murmured, exiting the car and getting back in the driver’s side. “I’ll take you back,” he started the car, ignoring her surprised questions. He drove her right back to club, glancing behind his shoulder at her stunned expression.

“I’m sorry,” he said stiffly, “but I can’t explain.”

She didn’t fight, the grave tone in his voice enough to lead her to believe that something was wrong. She fixed herself up and got out, giving him a weary look as he sped off.

He gripped the steering wheel so hard that his knuckles ached. He was back in Hawkins much sooner than he’d normally be, given the distance. He parked the car and walked to his front door with hurried steps.

The shower turned on, he let it get as hot as he would be able to handle, and stood under the spray, his hands pressed to his skull as the words floated into his mind again.

*“Choose me, Steve. Choose **us**.”*

The words had haunted him for so many fucking years. The

whispered plea, the way brown eyes begged up at him from behind tear-heavy lashes, fuck, and the way those eyes had looked when he'd chosen.

"Please, no," Steve whispered, heart aching in his chest as he remembered what had happened so long ago.

-Summer; 1986-

"I got the scholarship."

The soft admission came after they'd been making out a good while. Steve had Jonathan's legs propped up on his lap, his hand caressing the younger boy's side and his body twisted so that his upper half was leaning against Jonathan's chest.

They were on Steve's bed, their mouths swollen from the passionate kissing, and Steve furrowed his brows with a slow grin, Jonathan's words finally hitting him.

"Congratulations," he drawled, loving the sight of Jonathan's shy smile, "I knew you would." He leaned his head down, catching Jonathan's full bottom lip in between his own. "Full ride?"

"Yeah," Jonathan breathed. He was quiet for a moment, simply gazing at Steve, and when he spoke, it was quietly, "I don't think I'm going to go."

"What?" Steve sat up a bit straighter, staring at Jonathan with wide eyes, "Babe, this is what you've wanted since you were a kid. You've got a scholarship to NYU, you have to go."

Jonathan smiled, not at all bright, "Even if it means leaving you?"

Oh. Oh shit.

Steve swallowed hard, the realization hitting him like a bus. "I..." he shook his head, at a loss for words, "I didn't think about that." This was it for him. Jonathan was the one. Everyone thought they were crazy.

It's puppy love, they had said. A high-school crush that wouldn't last.

And those were the nice ones. Others had a lot more colorful words about it, his parents for one, and that asshole Billy Hargrove was another but they were irrelevant.

Jonathan Byers was it for Steve Harrington. He'd known that the moment his lips touched the younger boy's for the first time.

"I can't ask you to give that up for me," Steve said, voice airy, "Jonathan-" he felt hands wrap around his neck, pulling him down, and he went. Their noses touched and Steve swallowed hard, feeling Jonathan's fingers stroking the hair at the nape of his neck.

"You don't have to ask," the small blonde whispered, his lips brushing Steve's, "I've already made my decision."

Steve pulled him into a hard embrace, burying his face in that warm neck, "I'll take care of you," he promised fiercely, "I'll work for us, babe. I'll make sure you never have worry about anything, I'll buy you whatever you want."

And he would. The corporation was to be his, he was the sole heir. He would be rich enough to take care of Jonathan *and* their families. They would never have to worry, they would be just fine. Jonathan didn't ever need to worry.

"I just want you," Jonathan said simply. "As long as I have you, I'm happy."

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-Fall; 1986-

"You feel so fucking good," Steve whispered, his thumbs pressing deeply into the dimples on Jonathan's lower back. He loved those little indents, how they seemed to be the perfect spot for his lips to kiss, his fingers to press into.

Jonathan was pressed down onto the bed, his back arched. His fringe, slightly damp with sweat, was hiding his face but his moans were loud and clear. His fingers were curled around the bed sheets, knuckles white.

There was a fine sheet of sweat covering their bodies, tiny beads slipping down Steve's chest and a few gathered around their lower halves. The bed made a loud noise as they fucked, and Steve leaned over, gently mouthing at Jonathan's naked shoulder.

Steve groaned, watching his cock thrust in and out of that tiny little opening. He always marveled at how his cock could even fit in such a small opening. He felt Jonathan's hand reach back and he grunted when that warm palm pressed against his quad.

"Get off," Jonathan panted, pushing against Steve.

"That's what I'm trying to do," Steve smarted, grinning, but he groaned as Jonathan pushed at him insistently. He pulled out slowly, drawing it out, listening to Jonathan sigh in pleasure. He gripped the base of his cock, already missing Jonathan's heat.

He grunted in surprise as Jonathan twisted their positions and he stared up, his eyes wide as Jonathan smiled down at him. The way his bangs were plastered to his forehead and that dimpled grin...fuck.

Jonathan's knees came down beside him and Steve settled his hands on those slender hips again, and he closed his eyes, exhaling slowly as Jonathan grabbed a hold of his aching cock and sat down on it, a slightly high-pitched sound escaping his lips and causing Steve's eyes to pop open.

Jonathan began to move, his hips slowly circling and Steve choked out a long groan, his hips rising as he thrust slower, deeper, into the blonde. "God, I think I have a new favorite position," he murmured, watching the way Jonathan's lips parted as he cried out, "Fuck, you're so beautiful." He licked the pad of his thumb and slid it over Jonathan's cock, teasing the dripping slit.

"Would you stop saying that?" Jonathan moaned, his eyes shut tight, "You feel so deep inside, fuck," he moved faster and Steve could do nothing but hold onto those pale hips and moan. He felt Jonathan tighten and he watched, awed as Jonathan came hard, coating their stomach in white ribbons and crying out loudly.

Steve tugged Jonathan down hard onto two more sharp thrusts and

groaned deeply, soaking Jonathan's insides with his cum. "Can you feel it?" he murmured, pressing his hand down hard on Jonathan's abdomen. He felt Jonathan's tight walls fluttering around his throbbing cock, milking him completely.

"I feel it," Jonathan whispered, his voice soft, "Y-you," Steve found it absolutely endearing just how red Jonathan's cheeks could get, "You came a lot this time." He ducked down, pressing his lips against Steve's sweaty brow.

"I love when you ride me," Steve murmured, reaching down. He pulled his softening cock out and then pressed his fingers against Jonathan's hole, sliding one in slowly to push back any cum that was leaking out. "You're going to ride me every night."

Jonathan chuckled, his lips seeking Steve's, but before they could fuse their mouths together, the door to Steve's room burst open and Jonathan jumped in shock, slipping away from Steve immediately and grabbing the bed sheet, twisting it around his body.

"Can't you knock?!" Steve cried out, embarrassed as he pulled a pillow over to hide his cock. He was still panting hard, his eyes glancing to his lover. Jonathan held the sheets up to his body tightly, his face pale, and his wide eyes staring up at Steve's father.

"I've entertained this long enough, Steven," the man spoke, calm but obviously frustrated, "I let you rut around with this pathetic (*"Don't call him that!"*) boy for a year but now is the time to get serious. You either end this now or-

"Or what?" Steve challenged, still pissed off about the insult thrown at his lover. He gripped Jonathan's hand under the sheets and he felt the soft squeeze of those long fingers.

His father's jaw hardened, "Or you're no longer my son. The company, the title, your *name* will no longer belong to you. You'll be out, Steven. Out and on your own." He turned, slamming Steve's door shut.

The words stunned him and Steve stared at his closed door, his ears ringing. His own father would disown him? Take away the company

that would rightfully be his? Just for being with Jonathan?

He grit his teeth, closing his eyes tightly. He felt Jonathan's hand reach out to grab his shoulder but he brushed him off. He stood from his bed, grabbing his jeans from the floor and zipping himself up. He exhaled hard, dragging his hands down his face.

"Steve," Jonathan's arms wrapped around him from behind and Steve stiffened, his eyes opening to stare at his door. Thoughts of being thrown out, of having to find a new way of living, of having to change his life...

"It'll be okay," Jonathan was saying and Steve scoffed, his body still strung tight. "Steve, it's fine. I know how it feels to be scared about the future."

"No, you **don't** know how it feels!" Steve snarled, whirling around to shove Jonathan back. He watched the blonde stumble back, the bed-sheets around his body twisting his legs and making it impossible for him to balance properly, and saw the way Jonathan landed on the bed with a bounce.

"You're not the one expected to carry out a damn legacy!" Steve continued, his voice only becoming louder. Fuck, he was freaking out. He couldn't lose the title. The company was rightfully he is. Who else could take over? He'd been studying for this role his whole life.

"Steve," Jonathan said gently, his face somber, "We will be fine. We can go to school, pick a career, we can build a future together. You don't need your family's title."

Was Jonathan even hearing himself?

"You don't know what it's like to have to have all this on your shoulders, to be forced into this corner and grow up rich and only get richer because you were born fucking dirt poor and that's all you're ever going to be!" Steve screamed and as soon as he said it, he wished with all of his heart he could take it back.

They stared at one another, eyes wide and faces mirrored in shock. For what seemed like forever neither of them moved and then Steve

flinched as Jonathan suddenly stood, ripping the sheet off of his body. He watched the blonde pull on his underwear and jeans, grabbing the dark blue sweater and tugging it on after. He grabbed his worn chucks and shoved past Steve, fully intent on leaving.

“Wait, Jonathan,” Steve reached around the blonde and slapped a palm against the door, shutting it closed just as it Jonathan had begun to open it. “Baby,” he sighed, his other hand reaching out to grab Jonathan’s chin. He let it fall uselessly against his side when Jonathan jerked his face away. “What do you want me to say, Jonathan?”

“I don’t want you to say anything, Steve. I want you to choose.”

Steve stared at him, exasperated, “Jonathan, please. You can’t ask me to just drop my future-” he frowned when Jonathan glared fiercely at him.

“But it’s perfectly okay for me to drop *my* future?”

“I never asked you to,” Steve reminded quietly before he sighed, reaching out to stroke Jonathan’s cheek when the younger man’s eyes watered. Those eyes were so expressive. Jonathan used to be able to hide his emotions so well but not anymore. Not since he’d become Steve’s and Steve his.

“You’re right,” the smaller male said softly, “I did it without a thought because I love you. You are my future,” he grabbed Steve’s hand, pressing his cheek harder against it, “Aren’t I yours?”

Steve didn’t answer. Couldn’t answer.

“Choose me, Steve,” Jonathan implored him, brown eyes glistening, “choose *us*.”

Steve stared at him, helplessly, “I’m sorry, I-” he couldn’t even finish and he stroked Jonathan’s cheekbone gently before his hand once against fell and they stared at one another, silent and sadly.

The tears finally spilled and Jonathan shoved Steve away. He opened the door, slamming it shut behind him and Steve closed his eyes, listening to the rushed footsteps heading down the stairs. He walked

over to the bed, sitting on it heavily and covering his face with his hands.

It couldn't have been more than three minutes later when his mother knocked and entered his room. He looked up at her, eyes slightly wet, as she smiled sadly in his direction.

"You made the right choice, sweetie."

If that was true, then why did he feel like he just threw away his future?

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Steve waited a while. He knew that Jonathan needed space, especially seeing as he was dodging every single one of Steve's calls, and he knew that the younger male would probably pop him in the jaw if he tried to go after him too soon. So he gave the blonde some time to cool off, to think about things.

But his patience had run out by the middle of the second week.

Steve knocked on the withered door, shoving his hands into his pockets. He waited patiently and smiled as Joyce opened the door. "Hey, there, Joyce," he nodded to her, "Is Jonathan around? I need to talk to him."

The smile the Joyce had been wearing when she'd opened the door to see him slightly fell, and she seemed confused, "No, he," her eyes narrowed, "he told me he'd already said goodbye to you."

There was an uncomfortable tug in his stomach.

"Goodbye?" he repeated flatly, "What do you mean?"

"Steve, he's..." Joyce shook her head, "The semester starts in two weeks and he wanted to get himself settled in the dorm room." She crossed her arms, frowning, "He left for New York last night."

Steve swallowed hard. "No," he murmured, "h-he said he wasn't going to go. He told me months ago that he wouldn't leave me." His chest ached and he lifted a hand, pressing his palm against the aching

spot.

“Steve, I’m so sorry, he said that he had talked to you-”

He nodded as she spoke but he wasn’t even listening to her anymore. The pain in his chest was distracting him from her words and it didn’t hit him until he said goodbye to her and went back to his car.

His heart had broken and he had felt every single second of the pain of it cracking open and bleeding.

You said...

--

-Thanksgiving; 1991-

“They’re here!” Mike howled as he raced to the door. He threw it open, his arms immediately wrapping around his girlfriend as she jumped into his embrace with a happy laugh. He pulled back to kiss Eleven gently on the lips.

“That’s gross,” Will Byers murmured as he side-stepped Eleven and his friend. He looked to Dustin, Max and Lucas and he grinned, moving to hug them and then groaning in disgust as Mike grabbed him, pulling him into a hug, “You just sucked face with my sister, go away!”

Steve chuckled, staring at the youngest Byers. Will, once the smallest member of the pack, ended up outgrowing both Dustin and Mike. He stood even with Lucas, give or take an inch, and he his hair was cut shorter than he’d worn it when he was a kid.

“Woah, hey, Steve,” Will stared at him, eyes wide. He glanced back to Eleven, whose own eyes had gone big at seeing him. Steve waved, guessing that it was a shock for them to see him at a holiday party.

He didn’t blame them. He actively ignored reunions.

“How are you?” he asked Will, and the young man smiled slightly.

“I’m doing good,” Will said honestly, still staring at him sort of

weirdly. “Um, how are you doing? Have you been okay?”

Steve smiled, “Of course I have, bud.” He really hadn’t been. But he would never admit that to anyone. He grinned at Eleven, who readily smiled back, although he couldn’t help but notice that she also seemed a little bit surprised still.

Two more voices shouted a greeting from the door and Steve raised his head to see Joyce and Hopper walk in, Joyce’s arm looped around her husband’s.

“Oh! Steve,” Joyce smiled, although it seemed a bit strained, and Steve bent down to kiss her cheek. “Hello! Didn’t think we would see you.” Was he really so absent that it was expected for him to not be around? Did he really shelter himself away from the people that cared about him so often?

“Hello, Joyce,” he said after he had kissed her cheek. He shook hands with Hopper, smiling at the former cop. “How’s the city life?”

“Loud,” Hopper murmured, face grimacing, “Sometimes I regret the move.”

“Which is why we should move back,” Eleven wheedled, smiling playfully at her father.

“It’s good to see you, Steve,” Hopper said. But he also had this look on his face. It was such a strange look...the entire Byers/Hopper clan was staring at him as if they weren’t aware that he would even be attending tonight...

Nancy flittered over, greeting them all enthusiastically, before she looked around, “Where’s Jonathan?”

And just as she spoke, he walked into the house.

How was it possible, with all the beauty that Jonathan had already possessed as a teenager, that he became only more lovely as the years went by? With his sharp cheekbones, lined with those gorgeous dimples, and those lips...

I know someday you'll have a beautiful life

He was wearing a black pea coat, the fabric hugging his body beautifully, only emphasizing his lithe form and pretty pale skin. His hair was silkier now...no longer a controlled fringe that grazed his forehead but now a styled sweep that fell over his forever beautiful hazy eyes.

Steve forced himself to swallow.

Jonathan smiled at Nancy, opening his mouth to greet her and then he paused, seeing Steve. His face changed, confused to stunned, stunned to hope, hope to...to longing. "Steve," he mouthed, a soft sound of want leaving his throat.

"Jonathan," Steve moved to step closer but the sound of the door closing behind Jonathan made him pause. He saw the way Joyce and Will sent each other a glance, he noticed how Eleven and Hopper both cringed slightly, but he took note of how Jonathan's face changed from longing to dismayed instantly...before he smiled beautifully, turning away from Steve.

Away.

That beautiful smile...that gorgeous dimpled grin...turning away.

Away from him.

Steve stared, an old familiar pain hitting him brutally in the chest as he watched the stranger come to stand besides Jonathan. He stared, watching that burly arm come to wrap around Jonathan's slender waist, settling there possessively.

The man smiled down at Jonathan, looking around at them all with his hazel gaze. They all stared back at him, completely unaware of who he was. Steve knew that Max, Lucas, Dustin, and Mike were all staring at him but he couldn't pull his eyes away from the man's hand...clutching onto Jonathan's hip.

Karen came to greet everyone, embracing Joyce lovingly, before she did a double-take, staring at Jonathan and the newcomer. "Oh, who is this?" she asked, her curious grin aimed at Jonathan.

Jonathan smiled back her, his hand coming up to press against the

man's chest, palm over the heart, "Everyone this is..." he glanced to Steve, only briefly, eyes lost before he blinked the sad emotion away, "This is Brady. My boyfriend."

*I know you'll be a star
In somebody else's sky*

It was as if someone turned the television on to a dead channel. White-noise filtered in his head, and Steve couldn't stand it. It hurt. It was so loud, it hurt. But it was nothing. Nothing compared the feeling in his heart. Like a dagger, poisoned at the tip, poking away at his feeble heart, trying to hide itself away in his chest but too weak to move.

But why

"It's nice to meet you all," Brady spoke, his voice was deep. Very deep. "Jonathan has told me so much about you." And his hazel eyes pierced into Steve. "All of you."

Why

Steve couldn't speak. He didn't know if he was even still conscious. This was not real. It just couldn't be real. He would wake up any second now, an unfamiliar woman with blonde hair and brown eyes on his bed, ready for another round.

Steve shut his eyes tightly, inhaling deeply. He felt a hand settle on his shoulder and he opened his eyes, turning to stare at Dustin.

"Steve," Dustin murmured, eyes gentle, "Come on...I'll get you home."

Steve turned his head immediately, locking on moist brown eyes. "I..."

WHY

"Let's go, Steve," Dustin said, a bit firmer, and Steve suddenly realized that he was clenching his fists so tightly that they tingled.

He didn't move his eyes from Jonathan's. He smiled slowly, brokenly,

“Yeah,” he murmured, letting Dustin lead him towards the door. Brady stepped aside, not loosening his hold on Jonathan and Steve looked up at the man.

“Nice to meet you, Brady,” he smirked bitterly and Brady’s eyes narrowed.

Steve looked back to Jonathan.

The room was quiet. He wondered if anyone was even breathing. Was *he* breathing?

“You were supposed to be my future,” he told Jonathan, watching the way those eyes immediately watered. “I’m sorry that I...that I threw it all away.”

Why can't it be

Jonathan ducked his head, avoiding both Brady and Steve’s eyes. After a moment, he looked back up, his head coming down to rest on Brady’s broad arm. “...I’m not.” He whispered, voice wrecked.

His own eyes filling with tears, Steve nodded, slipping his hands into his pockets. He felt Dustin’s hands on his shoulders again, and he let himself be led out.

Why can't it be mine?

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Author's Note:

I really want to dive deeper into this one. Make it a full fic detailing Steve's corporation, Jonathan's side in New York, how he feels towards the end, etc...if you guys like it PLEASE let me know so I can add to this!

BTW- Jonathan totally listens to Pearl Jam. He has to.